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A MEMORIAL OF THE life & death of two vvorthye Christians, ROBERT CAMPBEL of the Kinyeancleugh, and his Wife ELIZABETH CAMPBEL.

In English Meter.

EDINBVRGH.
PRINTED BY ROBERT Walde-graue Printer to the Kings Maiestie. 1595.

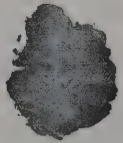
Cum privilegio Regali.

O.K
23

TO HIS LOVING SISTER IN CHRIST, ELIZABETH CAMPELL of KINYEANCLEVOR.

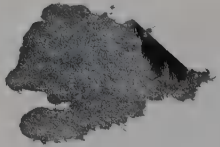
Grace and peace from God the Father, and the Lord Iesus Christ his Sonne, with the assistance of God his holy Spirit, to the end and unto the end: Amen.

FInding this little Treatise, (Sister, dearelie beloued in Christ) of late yeares amongst my other Papers, which I made about twentie yeares and one agoe, I remembred me, that shortlie after the death of your godlie Parentes of good memory, with whome I was most dearlie acquainted in Christ, by reason of the neighbourhood betwixt vs



for the good cause, wherin God made them chiefe comforters vnto me till death separated vs. As I vewed it ouer, and reade it before some godly persones of late, they were most instant with me, that I would suffer it to come to light, to the stirring vp of the zeale of Gods people amongst vs, which now begineth almost to be quenched in all estates none excepted. So that the saying of the worthie seruant of God *Iohn Knox*, (among many other his fore-speakings) proueth true, that is; *That as the Gospel entred among vs, and was receiued with feruencie and heate: so he feared it should decay, and lose the former brouse through coldnes, and lothsomnesse, howbeit (as he sade many times) it should not vtterly be ouerthrown in* Scotland, *til the comming of the Lord Iesus to iudgment: in spite of Sathans & enuie of all his slaues.* Howbeit indeed it is not to be denied, but that the prophesie of that worthie Martyr M. *George Wishart*, I feare me is true, who prophecying of the vilenes of the moth shortly to follow in *Scotland* saide, *for alace, if after so great light and libertie of the Gospell in* Scotland, *the peo-*

ple



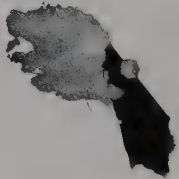
ple shall become vnthankfull, then fearfull and terrible shal the plagues be that after shal follow.

But to the purpose, to their requell a length I yeelded, although long vnwilling, in respect of the baseneile of the forme of writing, which yet at the time of the making thereof, I thought most familiar according to the old maner of our Countrie, to move our people to followe the example of these godly persones according to their callings and estate. And so beeing yet put in good hope that it would profite, I was contented it should bee after this maner published, committing the issue to our good GOD, who worketh sometimes by base meanes to some profit of the Church, according to his good pleasure. The saying also of *Gregorie Nazianzene*, writing of *Basile* the great after his death, did not a litle incourage me, it beeing by Gods providence in my handes when I was about to write this: The sense whereof followeth.

It is a signe of most dastardly affection, to commend the memory of holy persones that are departed, especially of such, as have been of most excel-

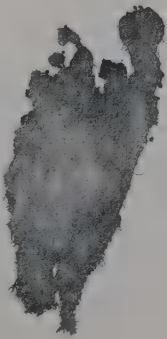
A MEMORIAL OF THE LIFE OF TWO WORthie Christians.

Of Poets in all times before,
Seek all their care and endeavour
Of true fame perfume for to attain
Whereby their lives might adorne,
In honorable Justice or manhood,
Or any other vertuous deed:
For though vertue it hath not been,
Yet they like vertue had it beene,
The Poets of all former times,
Would never cease it for to praise:
As of those Champions most strong,
The Troians and the Greeks among:
Do Homer wrote and Seneca,
Virgil, Ouid and many mo
Recounters Romances to rehearse,
Wherein of them wonders put in verse:
So hir fine deeds of chivalry,
Not fought by Poets in a night,
Gests of Gray Steell, to ye list to lake,
Where to set forth in metre meete,



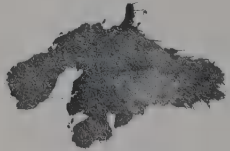
Yea for to make it did them guide,
Of that rank Rauer Robene Hude:
Of Robene Hude and litle Iohne,
With all the Outlawes many one:
As Clim of the Clewgh and Cliddisdie,
Because of their fine archerye:
Yea men I say then in those dates,
Wold so great labour for to prayse:
Then for these vaine and earthly things,
That shall us no true comfort bringe:
Yea oft times but shall vre and ill,
To sicknes they are granted till:
Why should we not with all our might,
Write in this dates of so great light:
Of faithfull godly men and wise,
Who for the truth durst interprise:
To hazare at the Lordes command,
All that they had, both life and land:
As Davids worthies had their prayse,
Even likewise these also in our dates:
Such doughtie deeds of Warfarage,
Should be remembred in all age:
Not to give flesh the prayse therfore,
But onely to give God the glore:
Who so his seruants doth endue,
Unto his worke with all vertue:
That both vertue may praised be,
And also our posteritie,
May finde before them put in write,
Wherein their fathers did delight:

Not



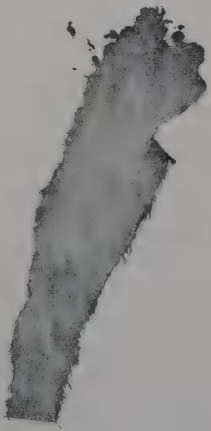
Not in the dark dreas of the night,
But in the lonely houres of light:
In honest godly life and cleane,
And in the difference betweene
Vs that liues now in time of light,
Professing truthe in Gods sight:
And them that lived in Papistrie,
In blindnes and Idolatrie:
Unto our sight shall appeare,
Whereby the lesson they may learne
To flie from vice and vanitie,
And to embrace the verrtie.
Likewise they that liues in this age,
Pursuing deedes of Christian zeale:
Stedfastnes in God and constancie,
For to be put in memorie:
And neuer man to be ouerseene,
What frute in the good cause hee beene:
For as hes spirits heroycall,
Shall be more moued hereby withall:
To be more valiant stout and wise,
In euery godly enterprise:
The lying locusts als of Rome,
That spread their lies through Christendome:
By their Chronicklers calumnies,
Whome they hyre to write histories:
Of vs and our Religion,
Shall be brought to confusion:
When they shall be made to confesse,
The good liues of some wee professe,

The

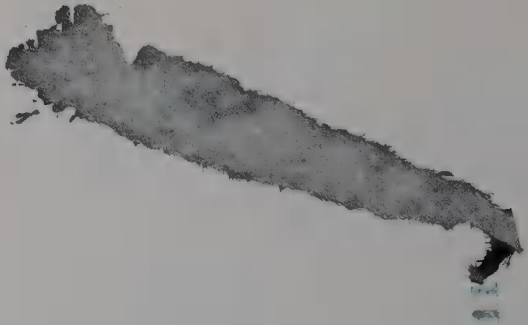


The trouth of Christ, spite of their hearties,
Heir alwell as in other partes.
Sa shall not we our labours lose,
That wairis our wyckis to this purpose:
Our Gods Name to glorifie,
And Neighbours for till edifie.
When to beginne but proces more,
We haue had worthie men before:
Of all degrees these fyftene yeeres,
As the gude Regent with his feeres:
Iohn Knox that baby, of Congregour,
That stood in many stalwart steur:
For Christ his maister and his worde,
And warre moe I might recorde:
Some yit alyue, some also gone,
Erle Alexander, is not hid,
Of Glencarne, but these I passe by,
Becauss their actis are abroade,
By vnkow Partis yit in vsage,
Quhilk neid I need not to reuele:
Sic forrayes to my purpois here,
Nor it is, to speake in generall:
Bot twa best knawn shall heir be,
Quha Robertis, surnamed and his kyle,
Depriued haith mony of their liue.
Sa heir vnto I will not well I wate:
Sic twa I [illegible] to heire,
[illegible]
[illegible]
With [illegible] and [illegible],
With [illegible]

That



What I wat an maie heuerendlie,
Was neuer herwerne nor nor wast:
As all that kend them can beir.
Within the Marchome of Air.
But to be plainer is noth[illegible]
Wfurname they were Campbells hath:
Dlancient blood of this Countrie,
Whey were both of Genealogie:
De of the Cherls house of Air,
Long noble famous and peclair:
Scho of a gude and godly stok,
Came of the old house of Colquhak:
Quhais Lord Alexander vrgane,
Possessed Cherlis Kelsoun plane:
Pea eighte yeares lenger nather.
As I heard aged men declare:
Arb als a cunning seruitor Clerk,
Called Alshus in a wars,
Seruand to IAMES the fift our King.
Dois this mair to his prayse belang.
Quha beirg in the battell sor,
In Edinburgh to haue tack trest,
Fra Cannon Quongell past to ley,
by fauen the fourth day to the feid:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

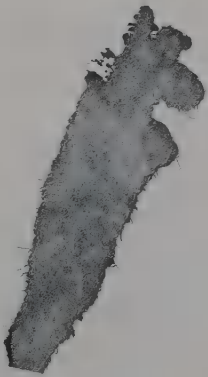


Who our Religion so oft raild,
A faith but of fiftie yeare old:
When euen in Scotland we may see,
It hes bene mair than thrise fiftie:
As by the storie ye may vnderstand,
Of Kelly burnt before Paule Craw,
The thousand yeare soure hamouth daw,
In Perth, while Hustie was yet aliue:
Son of that noble House wee old,
Whirein descended as is tolde
They had guide heritage in deede,
Wherto maklie he did succeede:
For any Gentleman gneuch,
Whais cheif Clyie was the Kinyeancleugh:
Notanding be-southe Machlinein Kyle,
About thir quarters of a myle.
But to our purpose to proceede,
And speak of him who was the heede
Of her a while holding our toung,
Quhen that Religion was but young,
And durst not plainlie shew her face,
For tyrannie in publict place:
Some preachers did till him resort,
Whereo neutrallie they gat comfort:
Whe trueth on their part was declard,
So temporall benefits he spard:
They lacked not guide intertainment,
In baythe food and maintinence:
Gif there was ware necessitie,
They needed not to craue supplie:

ha pryuatelie in his lodgeing,
He had baith prayers and preaching:
To tell his freinds he na whit lack,
How they had lang bene blindlins led:
By thaneing Papists, Monks and Freirs,
And be the pulpe these many yeares:
When some Barrones neere hand him by,
And Noble men he did espie,
Of auld who had the truth praisd,
To them he quicklie him addrest:
And his exhorting was not slak,
That reformation they would tak,
How ouerlie they might suppresse,
In thair owne boundis that Feate messe:
In place thereof syne preaching plant,
To quhilk some noble men did grant:
And so their race did humblie meene,
Vnto the Counsell and the Queene,
That this their suite might be effeired,
Bot seing it meerelie neglected:
They did their mynds freelie bestowe,
In Counsell set for that purpose:
Of Queene and whole Nobilitie,
Protesting in humilitie,
They sought no alteration
Of State, bot of Religion:
That Papistrie being suppressit,
Christ might be preached East and West:
And seeing they were Magistrates,
As well as other of the States:

They

They would not suffer God his glore,
In their bounds thalled nay more:
Whilk they did soone perfourne in deede
And made them to the warke with speede:
And haw'ne preaching publictie,
Where people came maist frequentlie:
Whiles among woods in banks and brais,
Whiles in kirkyards be'ne their dais:
Whiles through the Countrie ran,
Whilk lurked vp hath wife and man:
So for to damne that deuillish deede,
That Papists could them not lappreede:
Then Queens and cloisters were pull'd down,
In sundrie parts of this Regioun:
But whether it was night or day,
Quoth Robert was not mist away:
When they pull'd downe the Friers of Air,
Appear at the Friers gif he were there:
The Laird of Carnale per in Kyle,
Quhil was not sicipand all the while:
And Robert wer made Messengers,
Send from the rest to warne the Friers:
Out of their places to delubre,
Ha'nebeir the Castle began to rumge:
Either with gere will or with ill,
The lovers left their lust behill:
Whilk their gaire them had ane sum,
Sa gretlie I wene the Friers wan:
For euill to their remeid.
In this in Carrick Quarter o:



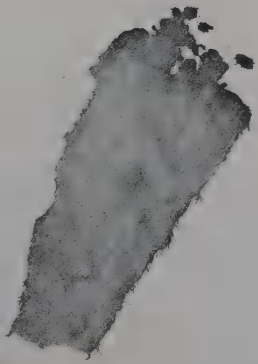
Resembling well their old Father,
Who euer was a murtherer:
Authoritie was hard to bide,
Vnhilk Papists had vpon their side:
Or rather to speake properlie,
Their persones in authoritie.
Therefore no time was for to leuth,
To them who did professe the treuth:
Howbeit they wanted not that tyme,
Chiefe Counsellers vpon their syde:
And greatest nobles not a fewe,
And of all other estates anewe,
Who rightlie in defence might stand,
Of Gods owne cause they had in hand:
Professing ave obedience,
In ciuill things vnto their Prince:
In contrare whereof none can say,
That they did practise night or day:
In cause of reformation,
Vnhilk serues for consolation:
Of all our enemies eche one,
That blames vs with sedition,
As by the worde of Gods prime:
That that we may returne againe:
Then Robert like a busie Bie,
Did ride the post in all Scotrie:
With North and South with East and West,
To all that the true cause professt:
Through Angus, Fyfe and Lowthiane,
And [illegible] he came:

By night he would passe forth of Kyle,
And slip in shortly in Argyle:
Syne to Strarherne and to all parts,
Where he knew goodly jealous hartis,
Exhorting them for to be stoure,
And of the matter haue no doubt:
For although land he we be tein,
Hauing our God we are aneuis:
So no expence he did spare,
For trauells to ride late and air;
To get countrymen from all parties,
Which was obtaind with willing hearts:
So great this work was first to beau,
To plant Religion in this land:
And rante molis wes this geir,
Religion this way to vpreir:
Though we with rule the kurnell eate,
The shell was not broken but sweate:
Thus many mirk midnight raith he,
And that all for the libertie,
Of Christis Kirk and the Gaspell,
For eare full trauells I you tell:
Wherfore well gude memone,
And to be put in poetrie:
In English, Latine, Dutch and Dence,
Mo stires vs up with diligence:
When men nowe are become so cold,
That it is shame for to be told:
But to returne vnto our tale,
When the Quirie was moued hale,

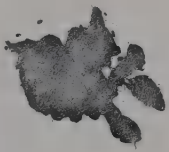
To make to wark with spear and sheild,
He was not timmest on the fielde:
Out of the West had any gane,
He missed neuer to be ane,
With wisedome manheid and counsell,
He comfort thir conventions all:
Yea no Convention lesse nor maur,
Of any waight but he was thair:
Als when the Gentlemen of Kyle,
As they were stakkerd all the while:
In their assemblies would chuse out,
Some for to ride the pott about,
If he had seene them once refuse,
Vp any manner akerruse,
He would soone say, treuth is doubtlesse,
Yon Brother bes sic hardiesse:
I know nat this time he can nought,
But there shall be nane vther sought:
I will ryde for him herefe,
The first time he shall ride for me:
This was not once but almost ay,
So neuer did their purpose fey,
For want of putting late or air:
But yet or I passe further mair,
I man speak sometime of his Wife,
Quha neuer made barrat nor strife:
For this his doing did disdaine,
Quhs neuer man heard her complaine
As many wiues in the Cuntrie,
I trow had taken enger tie,

On

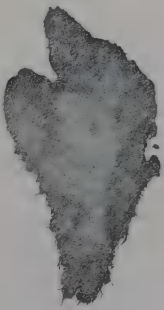
On her gude-man who at all tyde,
Wes ay to reddy for to ryde:
For to ost-rydding could not tarie,
Wat to procure great expensis:
He might look as they tell the tail,
Quhen he came hame for euill cookis hail:
He hine so litle gear to spend,
Ze trow neuer it will mend:
Thir will make you full bare heir,
Lat see (sayes he) what other men,
Do oft tymes a field ye finde,
Leuing thair awin labour behinde:
Thus and farre mare hes oft bene tald,
Be many wiues, yea that we hald:
Out of the wast in all the Land,
I speik not of that baleful band:
That Sathan hes sent heir away,
Quich the black fleete of Norroway:
Of Denmark cam with her Tygerstong,
Had sche met him with a rung:
And reuth him a rebuge allsa,
Calling him many wanton fray:
Bot latter nicht euill wines alane,
[illegible] nane,
[illegible] did reasoun,
[illegible] he was content.
[illegible]
[illegible] to rehe that part:
[illegible] and perfyte lure.
But [illegible] but moir,



From ryping he did seldome rest,
Whiles in the east whiles in the west
To draw the godly in one band,
Impietie for to withstand:
Muhik doubtlesse did the same great gaue,
For when al-quhare men vnderstude,
What was the brethrens minde and will,
And what purpose they made them till:
They interpried in all pacts,
Were boldly inowing others hartes:
This day I think we may perceaue,
What missing of sic men we haue:
Whenn any danger dois appeir,
To warne the godly sare and neir:
Our sare now here do be p̄vented,
Who euer are most diligent,
And slepe no time, though we be sla to,
Themselues togeither for to draw:
God here some vp sen he is gane,
That coll nor trauell spared nane:
There was no gathering Call nor Meeff,
Maist Johnstone said with all the reft:
Bot he was euer there for me,
The warres so euill then and gane:
No counsale in the reformatoun,
Bot he was heard be the Congregatioun
At the Lillenbors Generale,
For was not with his gude counsale.
What shall I say sen we began,
I knaw well a mair carefull man

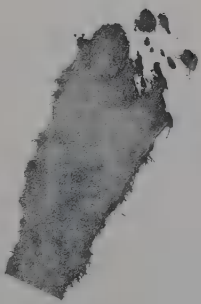


sparing trauels, paines nor cost,
Was not in all the Lords hoste:
Wherunto then he was so sincere,
And feruent baith in peace and weare:
His fame gaue him honour in all art,
For godly loued him with their hart:
Where was leiue but heard well aneugh,
Of Robert of the Kinyeancleugh:
But the gude Regent by the rest,
Of all men loued Robert best:
He fauor vp him he seruencie,
Sic knowines with sincerite:
He might oft gotten great reward,
But no sic thing he did regard:
He was voide of all couatyce,
And was leist subiect to that vyce:
And to the loue of worldly wrake,
Of any man that euer spake:
His conscience he would not grieue,
No worldly gawds for to atchieue:
The haill trauls of hale VCHILTRIE,
He did giue ouer most willinglie:
Quhilk his forbears had possest,
For many yeir he did releis:
The minister he put therein,
God grant that as he did begin,
That all the rest that vses possesse,
The temps of Scotland mote and leis,
Mair wranouslie, vsis their rentes:
As gude Robert hes gone before:



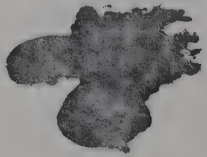
Bot no appearance we can ſee,
That they will do it willingly:
For all the ſummoning hes bein,
By Gods Herauldis thrie yeares ſyne,
Thoughe I think they ſhould feare to tempt them,
Becauſe that reames did never rich them:
That hes mete with them to this day,
Yet no appearance is I ſay,
That euer they ſhall with them twin,
Whyle God of heauen himſelfe begin:
Quith fyre quhilk no man may withſtand,
To pluck them cleane out of their hand:
Quhilk ſhall be to their wrak and wo,
Becauſe they would not let them go:
For no fore warning he could ſend,
Whan they had time and ſpace to mend:
Though nowe this ſacrilege ſeeme ſweet,
Their of-ſpring ſhall haue cauſe to greet:
Whan God ſhall call them for the wrang,
Done to him and his Kirk ſo lang:
Bot to returne againe but more,
Quhat Robert did thoſe teinds reſtore:
Whereby maiſt clearly we may ſee,
That na wayes couetous was hee:
Bot gentle kinde and liberall,
To all that needed great and ſmall:
And chiefly to the godlie houſe,
He liberall was and bareorous:
Ane number of the poore nightlie,
In Kingcauſeugh gat harberie:

Whome after supper he gart call,
To be examined in the hall:
Of Lords prayer and Beleefe,
And ten Commandis for to be briefe.
Gif that he fand them ignorant,
Unto his place they durst not haunt.
Unto the time they learned all,
Also his servandis he did call:
And every Sabboth him before,
To gene a reckoning there but more:
Of thir heades of Religion,
Wo they gat great instruction:
Wherefore Iohn Knox, that man of Wod,
Perceaving Robert to be od:
In cairfulnes and fervencie,
In soundnes and integritie:
And for to be of gifts maist pure,
Unlith him wes meikle kenninge:
For his Religion was not leine,
Nor na lip-labor I make plaine:
Bot it wes faith in heart and deid,
Nathlik from ane true faith did proceed:
When guide Iohn Knox for tyrannie,
At some times was compeld to flie:
Guide Robert wes ay be his syde,
Waith night and day to be his gyde:
In trouble and adversitie,
They keeped others companie:
Whyle at the last death did them twin,
Nathlik at Iohn Knox did first begin:



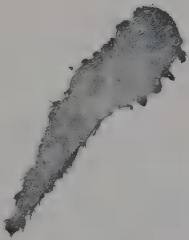
From time Robert saw him depart,
He thinkes ever from his hart:
That he might followe battelie,
Whilk with he did abraine battle:
For he had not long dayes here,
Efter Iohn Knox was brought on bere:
As afterward I shall make plaine,
Not while on earth he did remaine:
His onely diligence and care,
Was to serue God baith late and air:
Alwell in weere as tyme of peace,
His godly courage did not cease:
As might be knowin when he did weild,
His weapons at the Lang-side Heide:
When our men brackled vp the bank,
He was there in the foremost rank:
Not yet ozthay began to poke,
Innumerable bringe the choke,
His doyngis I cannot passe by,
Nor men on his left hand gan ly:
A Hume, a Hume, with voces shill,
Ane vther voce vpon the hill:
He heard crying a Dowglasse kill,
When burned Robert lozd at lasse:
Ane reyrd with mightie voice abzode,
O our good God, O our good God:
Whilk was nane fearfull to his Foe,
For all the voces there that rose:
Whe se in sicth he nothing bothe,
His trust was in the Lozd of Hostes:

He was perswaded certainlie,
Ere they began of victorie:
To the eschait quhilk he obtenid,
Before the feild of a chiefe trewth:
Quha wes vpon the contrare syde,
Quith all that there with him wold abyde:
Quhais name I need not till expresse,
Of his forchand wiedge bure witnesse:
Where also we haue to considder,
Howe that the twa sware not togidder.
Before that feild mang a day,
And yet Schir Robert did not dayr
Before hand to take his eschait,
And that all for his Freedom prosfeit:
Quhilk wes a taiken on his part,
Of a mair kinde and loving hart:
I trowe fewe men wold haue done so,
But to our purpose let vs go:
He stood then in that Caldwall flowze,
Where there were many hardie dowze:
So in that brunt quilk valyantly,
That day he did full dawgodely:
Quhile victory wes on our syde,
And enemies no moze might byde:
Quhat day our pleasant feild tane he,
As his Scot name doth sig nifie:
So euer mair sen he began,
He hes bene ane maist constant man:
For battels on this syde, quhiles on that,
As warres vse to vse the weyld-cat:

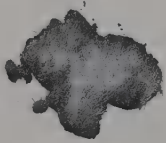


Quhilk shall make his name stil to ly,
In honour vnto Womansey:
Quhere as Carters frame lyke to spre,
Quho be the gifte and ordinarie:
Shall leaue their names eternallie,
In chaume to their posteritie:
Because Gode cause they did not mock,
At turning with the Webber-cock:
Quhen they that with the Lord indure,
Shall finde him loue constant and sure:
As it appeareth wele ynough,
In Robert of the Kaye eauclench:
Quhome God do honour euery way,
In life and death and shall for ay.
Howe de lare thy great carefulnesse,
In reformations gude successe:
I wait a mare peaceable man,
Was neuer sen the warld began:
Among Neighbours for to make peace,
God granted him a singular grace:
So wisely he could matters dirrie,
With Iudgement and sic sprightlinesse:
That euen Papists would not refuse,
This trewes for to chuse:
In warldly caces, for they heid,
Ane lore from eight he wald not heid:
For no man lou and freind nor fa,
I trow he left sowe marrowes ma:
Thy Pobills haill out through the west,
Waith Peace Maris and all the rest:

His great wisedome did reverence,
Sa that in things of importance:
His counsell they did sute and reame,
In their affaires and it receaue:
His labours he did not deny,
To pure nor rich that dwelt him by:
So to the Wyll he maye be Reade,
That they may sare lament his deade:
I trowe sic mislling of a man,
Wes not in Kyle sen it began:
As the inwenting every whare,
Quat throughe that Countrie dois declare:
Bot cheefly pitie is to heare,
His tennents pure with teary cheare:
And heavie harts making their mone,
That their good Maister now is gone:
Quha in no sort did them oppresse,
Bot keep their comfort in distresse:
He take payment nye as they might,
And neuer pressed them to hight:
Nor ouer their heades to set their rowmes,
Nor make them pure with great grelloismes:
He neuer warned man to ryr,
Except himselfe had wyte of it:
Be vnthrift, sluggishnes and sleuth,
Or by contempt of God his trewth:
With sic-lyk wayes he could agree,
That they should tennants to him be:
Quilk wes quha gaue Davids herd,
The heedyeth ane Psalme as we reede:



Yea he wald craib and much disdaine,
Wit they had tane Gobs name in vaine:
Thir tennants dowbties were happie,
That sic a Maister had as he:
They wanted nor, he had eneugh,
At hame within the Kingzeancleugh:
It did him gude to see them thrive,
Quhilk made ilk ane luik ather thrive:
Quha sould best seruice to him make,
And loz to please him be maist fraike:
His wife alsa was al his minde:
Thaugh many be nat al her kinde:
But on their Husbands dayis hary,
That to their tennants they be sharp:
Thinking their state can na wayes fell,
Except their pure-ones be oppreit:
So that they haue not vntane vp,
Wz Weltane come to byte oz lup:
Syne hes their Sonnes maill to pay,
Wherefore they man sell sheep and ky:
Quhilk dois hinder in this Countrie,
The maist part of our Commonitie:
And bringis great hurt ye may be sure,
Als to sic masters of this pure:
Quho be this sharp nipping are mainteined,
Quhile they themselues are farre worse intreated:
And hes ten tub baith but and ben,
Wz when there was gude husbandrey:
That to the Lard gaue seruice made,
And bakkit him into the rade:



With bryan and beese vnto the bowes,
Quhat nowe I wat not quha deuoices:
But to returne againe but mare,
Gude Roberts Lemants Leglen full sure:
That their gude Maister they do want,
Quhilk they do not but cause I grant:
But whairto should I speak of thi,
He was a freind to many ma:
Pea, and mo than I can declare,
As men can best meane their owne lare:
Noa in all parts baith North and South,
Thoy haue Gude Robert in their mouth:
The godly cheifly in all acts,
His death lamented from their harts:
Iohn Iohnstone Notter well might say,
He mist a speciall Freind that day:
BARGANIE als may say the same,
And many ma whome I could name:
Bot how and where he did discease,
I will declare now in this place:
As I haue shawen you heirtofore,
Of his greate trauells euermore:
For rich and pure, for freind and fa,
He endit euen his life time sa:
For lack his cheife and kind-man heir,
The young SHIREF of Air but weir:
Quhome Robert loued tenderly,
For the many gude qualitie:
In that young plant he saw appeere,
Of ego nat gaining twentie peare:

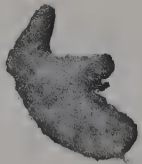
Wit as wisedome and liwlinesse,
Kyndnes of heart with truthfulnesse:
Manlie and gude courage,
As may be found in ane age:
Throwgh gifts I pray God may incress,
With Gods true feare and zealousnes:
Hold this his chiefe and kinsman toe,
Hauing some biffines adoe:
In Galloway, therein welefar,
With his gude father Lochinvar:
We bred Robert for to ryde,
With him in companie that tyde:
That there his counsell he might vie,
Gude Robert wald him not refuse:
Bot rayd with him maist willingly,
To doe all friendly he wotte:
On Gude-Frydaw, when Sun was sett,
Alyn Dammellintone we mett:
For this time God prouyded vs,
In Roberts companie to be:
Where I sawe all things more and lesse,
That came to passe in this progresse:
In Earlly he onely at that houre,
An trouble was my comforteure:
The cause at length of all this stay,
I haue shawen in an other place:
There were we welcome with the hart,
Vnto that kindr Lord of Cathkart:
With whome we lodged all that night,
The nixt day raid to Rusko right:

Where that moſt noble Prince remeaned,
Dwelt for the time with his Noobilitie:
Now we all that day whyle there we raid,
Wode Robert was as blyth and glaid:
As euer he had beine before,
So when we were come there but more,
The princely howſe that we ſawe there,
I am not able to deſcriue:
It wald conſume large tyme and ſpare,
To tell the order of that place:
Whatt comelie ſeruice but and ben,
Quith the great number als of men:
That do aſſemble in that Hall,
At meitro tyme as we it call:
Whereto ſhould I ought of it ſay,
For it is like a young Abbay:
Abundance baith of meat and drinke,
To man and boy at bourd and binke:
Quith ordour and ciuilitie,
That might ſeme in the in countrie:
Now Robert at tyme of ſupper,
According to his graue maner:
The ſaltie of meitters vnderſtir,
Quhich alwaies were to ſeine:
Amongſt the Lairdis gentrie gude eare,
Thereft with ſilence all did heare:
So ſupper tyme our prayers ſaid,
Wee bowne vs ſhortly to our bed:
For Robert had ane vſuall maner,
Quith Vs to be familiare:

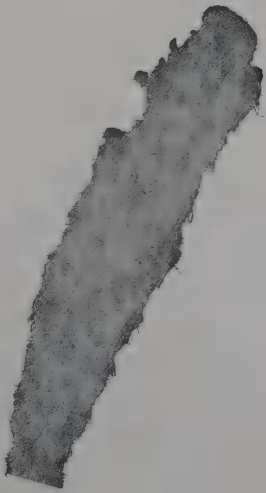
Be publict prayer euen and morne,
His houle and familie beforne:
And by that, when he was at hame,
A while in the day he thought no shame:
To passe vntill his wood neerby,
Vpon his God to call and cry:
With many sobbe and sigh for sinne,
That momently he did fall in
And for the great rebellion,
Of this vnhappie nation:
So plaine vntrodden all places,
To our gude God for his great graces:
Gif this gode man sight every day,
Alace what shall we wretches say:
Quhat thinke perchance enters not in,
In halfe a yeare to sigh for sinne:
Gif this gude-man wha take sic care,
To serue his God with fast and zeir:
Found so great matter of mourning,
Within and out morne and euening:
What vgly filth and floods of sin,
Think we wretches is vs within:
That takes no thought of right or wrang,
Not ane day come ane other gang:
Ane lets hale moneths whyles passe by,
Ere lefore or we begin to try:
O what huge heaps greater sinne trow we,
In vs this time that we observe:
I speak not of meere godlesse men,
That God and all goodnes misken:

And thanks their onely happynesse,
In wicked life and filthynesse:
But of our selues now I speak here,
Praysefull vs Gods Children derre:
Mare, what cause haue we to murne,
For sinne. But now let vs returne:
On Walter euen, to bede we pass,
Where all that night he gat gode rest:
But mere rest he gat litle heir,
While his body was brought on beir:
For on Pasche day after he rais,
In tyme of putting on his claiis:
He sayes, my head is somewhat sare,
Quhill sare sank in mynde but mare:
The prayer is done, he sayes but lane,
I trow I man lye downe againe:
But yet I will go forth and see,
Gif that my head will better be:
Ha passing forth could not remaine,
But forced till come in againe:
In naked bed laid him downe thare,
It was his deid ill, what ilnis mare:
But twa dales past or any kend,
What sellines this was God him send:
Thairafter his pertained plane,
That the hotte feuers brought that paine:
All meanes [illegible] vsed him to saue,
Yeath ordinance ye may be sure:
Thei knew thei nyt meet to make him hale,
But manus trawell cannot availe

Against the purpose of the Lord,
Bot this one thing I man record:
The Lardo and Lady of that place,
Were wondrous carefull in this case:
And visite him daily frequentlie,
Commanding things abundantlie:
Be their fernands to be brought there,
That needfull were and necessere:
The young Shirelf seing the case,
How his dear husband in that place:
Was for his cause was them come thare,
And farre from hame handled in fare:
With heame hart did sigh and mone,
That he was like to lose his one:
Quha was sa loving kind and wise,
And needfull in all interpryse:
The Shirelfs wife with hart full sare,
Him visited also late and are:
Though I speak nothing of my sell,
Where had I the strongit battell:
At to that day on earth I land,
Quhilk few folk there did understand:
Na man there bot onely he,
Newe new Rake and Schirrifes:
Quilk is not needfull heire to name,
Bot God quha did my trouble tame:
Who never left me in distresse,
That time left me not remediles:
Bot after fighting dayes three,
At length granted the victorie,

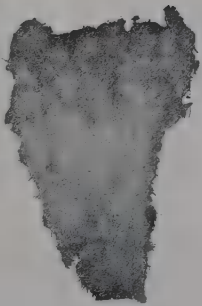


That I was gladdy well content,
To Gods hie will for to consent:
Whether it would be death or life,
That God would send him without strife:
For like Heauen we should not be,
That mournes but measure as we see:
Seen we know we shall meet againe,
In Heauen for euer to remaine:
Whereto all I had not tane tent,
I waygred matter to lament:
Some he was so comfortable,
It to expresse I am not able:
As well in comfort spirituall,
As in these comforts temporall:
And that all for the loue he I[illegible]
Some in Ghall ye may be sure:
In some of his sweete layes,
He made my end hath like vnto mee:
The whole Psalmes twise ouer in prose,
That I were most for his purpose:
As in the same that there he lay,
The xxxix. Psalme that he did say:
And godly sentences many mee,
Were worthie of all remembrance:
Omitted the Psalmes of our Lorde
Was he permitted at this time:
Yet this must I be mentioned heere,
He saide to me brother [illegible] heere:
I haue been fighting heere this houre,
And now am landing in the Porte:

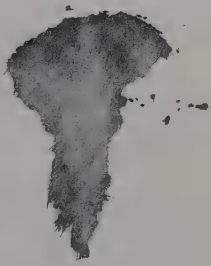


With Sathan that old enemie,
Diuerting it in most earnestly:
Though I the goddes pretend,
One glorie yet I do I not pretend:
Whyen I heard him blaspheme his name,
In Loue and Earth, Feild, & Hame:
Keeping silence and will not haue,
It hisin my eare to the dois cry:
Arguing my great hypocrisie,
But I am sure of victorie:
In this point as in many other,
Though my peare Christ, yet herrod brother:
I thought good in writing you to giue,
That whil, on earth we do liue:
Ye take heed how your race,
Against ye come to this my place:
God grant herof I make true vse,
Where ever I heare he abuse:
That faithfull here I may be found,
Sen God so straitlie hes me bound:
To do my Christian dewtie,
In flaying so great blasphemie:
Suthlik so abominable sin,
That horrefull is to heare:
Alace gif Sathan doth prevale.
This heruein man to the die vse:
All meanes he findeth out inuentis,
The most of any man I kenn:
How he preuail will his end be,
I many one in this Countrie:

The feare of God wha dois profesſe,
Wes mair, quhilk I ług to expreſſe:
Some that ſhould ſeaſon with their ſalt,
Wchers ar guiltie of this fait:
Wha can ſit ſtill and ſmoothie heere,
Their companie haith bawne and ſwere:
Which cauſe ſome tra wes on alſo,
Themſelues to ſwearing as they go:
Great cauſe fall he haue to lament,
Except in time they do repent:
His other ſpeaches all are pend.
In proſe as after ſhall be kend:
He craued one thing feruentlie,
That he might end this miſerie:
From time he ſaw ſome of the Kirk,
Not vprightlie beginne to wirk.
Bot Chriſt his cauſe ſo to betray,
Wes ſpeam on dead bed quhen he lay:
He vttered oft with hart full ſare,
Craning diſſchairg without mare:
Bot cheifflie fen the Aſſemblie,
Halden the date of ſeuentie thrie:
And feir of death quhere many man,
In Edinburgh affrobled than:
The dreidfull tydings he ſaw thare,
Bot neuer trubled his heart but mare:
Nathing could make him tagger,
That laſt affemblie as it fet:
Touching the euills quhat he ſpake thare,
I wil is not neceſſar to declare:

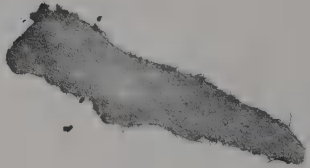


Gods iust Iudgements he did forsee,
Approching fast to this Countrie:
When soone said He, why do ye greue,
So earnestly this tyde to leue:
He said Brethren, saue ye I wisse,
The sight I see of heauenly blisse:
And contrarewise, gif ye did see,
A blink of that great misery:
That vnto Scotland fast doth hy,
Ye wald wish death as well as I:
So great is our ingratitude,
Perfuming then to, to conclude:
That he wes to depart this life,
He sent hame quicklie for his wife:
Quha but all tarrying came thare,
Fra she got word with heart full sare:
She said that willsome weirie wap,
Your fourtie myles on Lam Sunday:
Be she had beene there dayes thre,
He parted from this miserie:
All heauens blisse I am right sure,
His soule on Thursday next did fare:
So gude Iohn Knox he followed soone,
Within a yeare and halfe was gone:
Then did the Laird of Lochinvar,
With all the Countrie far and nar:
In ane litter his corpse bring downe,
On Setterday to Dammellintoune:
That night fyftene nights he did lie,
There wyfe and ane gluid as he came by:



That night his body brought on beir,
And gif[illegible] change we may se heir:
In earth is na mair sickerar,
Then wherefore pathe full thould we be:
Sen in thir earthlie things to lyve,
As we wyve euer heir to byde:
Sen we se all of women buire,
Bot nan hes hop heir away to wyme:
Wat ane hennis not anatherr gude,
On Wednesday them to conclude:
The four and twentie of Aprile,
The Lairds and Gentlemen of Kyle:
Wes haild at Leigh and la wo begoir,
Abot him there with sic Assemblie:
As was not seene in Kyle before,
This hundreth yeares and many more:
Many wette cheiks at that meeting,
Where nought be seene with sare sighing:
It wold haue made ane hart full sare,
To se the meeting that was there.
Though they knewe he was well but doubt,
Yet their affections burded out:
And could not let them to lament,
For losse of sic an Instrument:
So they receiued the corps that day,
From Lochinvar and Galloway:
And with all honour did it bring,
Vnto the kirkyard of Machling:
Where they did burie him but mare,
And la I leave him lyand there:

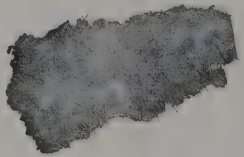
And will speake something of his wife,
Who shortly after left this life:
For as they were haith loyne in hart,
So death could not them part:
And as in life they did agree,
So death could keepe them sundrie.
For in Aprill the thirtie day,
She did depart in Galloway:
In June next she gaue vp the ghost,
About the midst of it almost:
In the hole draper she also,
Out of this miserie did go:
In Iames Bannatines house of Air,
For short before she had past there:
Thinking to liue most quietly,
Among that godly company:
For the hale race of all that house,
Of Kinyeancleugh are right zealous:
And of lang tyme hes ta bene kend,
The haue assist thame to the end:
For Robert and this Iames of Air,
Sister and brother baithe were:
And sa nane meeter she could finde,
For to remaine withall behinde:
Wat God had ordaind what should amis,
That she should end her life in Air:
Fra her husband was brought on beir,
She had no pleasure langer heir:
Wat did she sure most hartfullie,
At Gods pleasure with him to be:



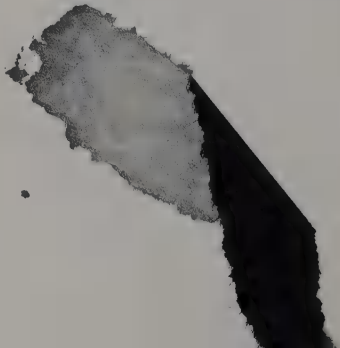
Quhilk she obteined in schort space,
And so was caried to that place:
In the kirkzarde where he dois ly,
At Machlog amblyd hard him by:
Lang may ye seek to finde sic tway,
As God there nowe hes tane away:
For iohne man he was I hane told,
Of singular graces manifold:
And as for her she trueth to tell,
Among women she bare the bell:
During her daies in her degree,
In godlines and honestie:
Of Iugement rypest in Gods Law,
Of any woman that I knaw:
In Gods feare she was so perfit,
That scarce wald men trauw to rehersse it:
Of so excellent memorie,
And als of sic dexteritie
Gods worde to vse to her comfort,
And ouerys whair als to her report:
That her to heare it was delyte,
In Scriptures she was so perfyte:
Quhilk hard not wordis and barbing beine,
Bot tuytes hard knawledge togyd certainet
Constis in her life she did expresse,
Thy doctrye as thee did professe:
In Gods true feirfull fayth and feir,
Sae did she leave as freindis moll weir:
And mirer loued seruitie,
Quhilk she did exercise rompande:

Quhilk

Faith wise and prouident was sho,
In houshold thingis sche had nane:
Quhat thouis I say, this woman od,
Was his great comfort vnder God:
And doubtles was of God a blessing,
Of spectall grace after his liking:
So for to end as I began,
I wait sic ane woman and man:
Of so many gude properties,
Of rare and heauenly qualities:
Is not in Scotland left behind,
Quhais wayfaring we be not blind:
Shouis make vs clearlie vnderstand,
That Gods iust Iudgements are at hand:
To punish the Rebellion,
Of this maist stubborne nation:
Who to Gods will dois not attend,
For no punition he dois send:
For we may easilie considder,
The wayfaring of thir together:
Of so excellent behauyours,
And that almost vot in their flowers:
For nane of them was past throughlie,
The age of fourtie yeares and thrie:
I am not for nought what euer it be,
That is to sillowe hastelie:
For why sic as the Lord chooses,
Before the plague he oft removes:
According as the Scripture sayes,
Mahill thyselfe good dayes.

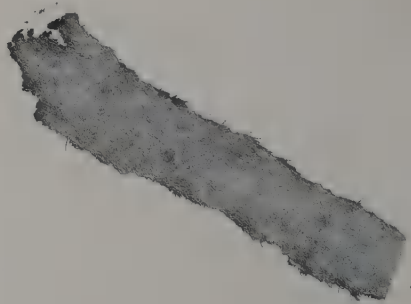


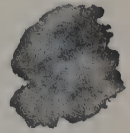
With many others that are past,
And that great plagues approched fast:
Quhe Hobert sa we heard before,
Foresaw and plainly did deplore:
As all man grant as well as he,
That hes iudgement or eyes to see:
Therefore sa they are tane away,
Sorrow for wayne is all I say:
That God is reddy for to come,
With plagues to punish all and some:
That dois delight in wickedness,
In evil, murther and filthiness:
And soudzeis quhereof they grow,
Quhilk lyes hale Cuntrie dois ouerthrow:
And all the lang rebellion,
Tha God within this Nation
Quhose Iudgements now we see appeare,
And their forerunners drawing neere:
Let vs with all the speed we can,
Go hide vs with the prudent man:
That seis the plagne while it is far,
And hydes himself or it come nar:
Sly turning vnto Christ our Lord,
And bowing vs vnder his wing:
Quha in all tempest, wind and weare,
Is our refuge and bowing place:
As I say in the thirtie tway,
Of that his Prophecie dois ly:
So we assuredly shall be sure,
Quhat euer plagues euill men endure:



On whome that great day but releit,
Shall suddainly come as a theif:
And turne in twinkling of ane eye,
Their Joy and mirth to miserie:
And we shall passe hy ebermore,
To reigne with Christ our king in glore:
With Lord we, and none but he,
Bearing our sinnes upon the tree:
To whome therefore euer be praise,
And to the Father eik alwaies:
And to the holy Spirit most free,
One onely God and persones three.

FINIS.





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Davidson, John, 1549?-1603.

A Memorial of the life & death of two vvorthye Christians, Robert Campbel of Kinyeancleugh, and his wife, Elizabeth Campbel. In English meter. Edinbvrgh, Printed by Robert Waldegraue, 1595. 41p.

Photocopy (negative) of the original in the Henry E. Huntington Library. 44ℓ. 15cm.

1. Campbell, Robert, d.1574. 2. Campbell, Elizabeth, d.1574. I. Title.

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